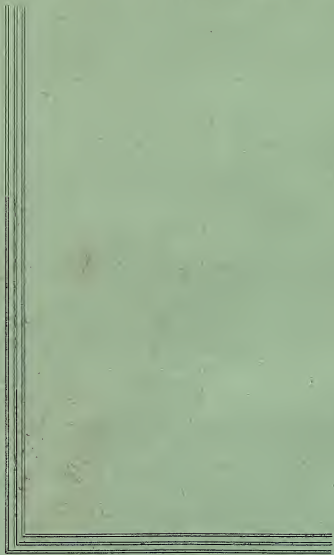
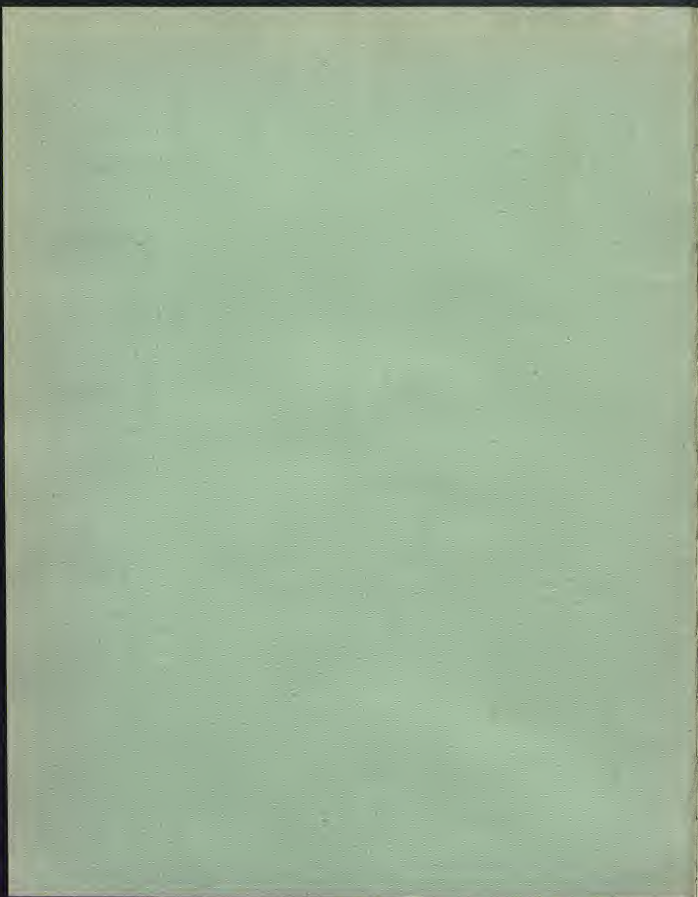


SECOND WESSEX





SECOND WESSEX OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	2
A NOTE ON KIERKEGAARD, by F. T. Prince	3
MARY IN THE GARDEN, by F. Wilson	4
SOME NOTES ON SOME NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS, by L. A. Lejman	4
TWO POEMS, by Rue	8
DER KRIEG IST NUN ZULETZT VORBEI GEGANGEN, by G. Griffin	8
THE FAIR, by G. P. Webb	9
AN ENGLISH NATIONAL BALLET, by A. T. Carlile	13
LETTER TO A SICK SUB-EDITOR, by G. F. Palmer	15
THE GODS ARE CONTENTED, by R. SAVORY	16
REASON: ITS VALUES AND LIMITATIONS, by J. Vella Galea	17
HE STEPPETH ONE OF THREE, by Toby Gerrard	19
SOCIALISM AND LABOUR, by J. M. L. Cadier	20
FILM REVIEW, by Roy Bishop	21
"IF YOU SEE ME COMIN'," by F. Wilson and J. Wichbold	22

EDITORIAL

The College Magazine, *WESSEX*, bore as a subtitle to the title the words, "*An Annual Record of the Movement for a University of Wessex*." It was with regret that we bid farewell to Mr. K. H. Vickers who so ably laid the foundations of this University. This session, we welcome Sir Robert Wood as our new Principal and hope that he will see the establishment of our University of Wessex. We hoped that he would be able to write the leading article for this issue of *SECOND WESSEX* but unfortunately, though somewhat naturally, he had not the time to do so. We hope, however, that he will write one for our next number. We have witnessed this session, a considerable increase in the number of students at College. There has been, too, a change in the composition of the Student body—many ex-service men and women who have returned after several years of absence, have brought to College an outlook different in many respects from that of the student who has come straight from school. It is highly desirable that these two sections of the community should not become divorced from one another and fortunately it seems that there is, on the contrary, an ever increasing desire for discussion and the exchange of ideas and opinions.

Interest in College activities has increased considerably and the recommencement of publication of *Wessex News* has been greeted with great enthusiasm. The Editorial Staff of *SECOND WESSEX* would like to take this opportunity of congratulating the Editors of *Wessex News* and wishing them every success in the future. The College newspaper has now returned and is able to provide a weekly survey of College affairs and society activities. It is for this reason that this number of *SECOND WESSEX* gives no place to society reports. It is our intention to produce at the end of the session, a magazine containing a full report from all Halls, Faculties and Societies and thus leave for posterity a true and accurate record of this session's activities. We do therefore ask all secretaries to co-operate with us in this venture. At the end of the Spring Term we will publish a full report of the Winter's Sport.

In the past, *SECOND WESSEX* has received much criticism from those who feel that it is not representative of College as a whole and that it contains a preponderance of scholarly articles. If there be a lack of "light entertainment" in the magazine, we can but reiterate our request for humorous articles—the harassed Editorial Staff is incapable of writing anything which would provide for this need.

Now, with a few words of thanks to Mr. F. T. Prince who wrote the leading article and to the other members of the Editorial Staff, the Editor leaves you to form your own opinions of this magazine.

"Something this book may have of use to thee.
Read it . . . prune it of its faults,
And strengthen with thy praise what pleases thee."

(*W. Strabo*)

EDITORIAL NOTICES

The next edition of *SECOND WESSEX* will be appearing next term. For this we shall need more copy than we have received for this issue. We therefore implore each member of College to write an article on any subject whatsoever and to send it to the Editor as early as possible at the beginning of next term. Without your co-operation this magazine can not be a success.

We shall be glad to receive news of Old Hartleyans for publication in the next issue.

Copies of previous issues of *SECOND WESSEX* are on sale in Students' Council Office, price 2/- per copy.

A NOTE ON KIERKEGAARD

By F. T. PRINCE

Kierkegaard is a difficult author—difficult both when we consider his work as a literature in itself (which it is) and when we try to fix his place in the European tradition. Before we can properly understand one of his books we must read at least two or three others. His books form a whole which is constructed on the same principles as any one work, such as *Either/Or* or *Stages on Life's Way*. Each book reflects in some way upon what has preceded it and what is to come, just as each section of any one book is devised as a contrast and illumination to the rest. His work is thus "dialectical" as a whole as well as in its parts; and therefore it is as true to say that each book contains his whole thought as that he is an author who must be read as a whole.

As for the difficulty of a final interpretation, it is enough to point to the completely divergent constructions that have been put upon his thought. In Germany and Switzerland certain developments of Protestant theology have been based on his work. "Existentialism," a weapon of his invention, gave rise to a new school of philosophy in Germany after the First World War, and has now produced a literary movement in France. Some have seen him as the "father of psycho-analysis." Others have been content to take him (as he wished to be taken) for a poet, though one who made his poetry out of a prodigious dialectical skill and a special religious passion. However we take him, he is clearly both a destroyer and a preserver: his work is packed with dangerous thoughts. Himself a conservative, who based a bitter analysis of European moral decadence on the events of 1848, he was regarded by many 19th century rebels as an enemy of religion and the established order. To read his work is to undergo a startling intellectual experience. It has converted some to a renewed belief in Christianity, and taken away their faith from others. Dr. Walter Lowrie, the American Protestant minister whose devotion has made a complete translation of Kierkegaard at last available in England and America, is as aware as anybody else of the explosive nature of what he is handling.

What Pascal did for religion in the 17th century in France, Kierkegaard did in Northern Europe in the 19th century. Pascal's chief enemy was Montaigne, whose influence he tracked everywhere in the "libertine" thought of his day; but in attacking Montaigne's scepticism, Pascal used Montaigne's irony and the destructive analysis of human weakness which Montaigne had taught him. For Kierkegaard, Hegel was the greatest enemy of religion and he too turned the enemy's weapons to his own use—adopting Hegel's special terminology and the distinctions which enabled him to fit the most diverse ways of thought into his "system." Kierkegaard's work is among other things, a music played on Hegel's instruments. But this is not to say that we cannot appreciate Kierkegaard without a knowledge of Hegel. As a form of poetry Kierkegaard's writing may be read in and for itself.

Kierkegaard thus attempted to fight romanticism on its own ground and with its own weapons—imagination, humour, passion and a subtle psychological discrimination; and he has something in common with the post-romantic writers of other countries—with Baudelaire, for example, who also organises romantic substance in a new manner which is a critique of romanticism. Kierkegaard's romantic conventions were those of the German Romantics, who delighted in the appreciation of other men's art and literature, and made of it a form of creative fantasy. The Germanic invention of psycho-analysis grew out of this form of imaginative literary criticism. We may choose to see one early stage of psycho-analysis in some of Kierkegaard's books—in *Fear and Trembling*, or *The Sickness unto Death*, as we may see another in Nietzsche's use of Greek culture in *The Birth of Tragedy*. The method in both cases derives from the German philosophical criticism which began in the 18th century.

In England this type of philosophical criticism has never flourished, in spite of Coleridge's talent for it. But we have had in Blake, a poet whose dialectical imagination was of the same kind as Kierkegaard's. Blake's extraordinary religious politics are really an expression of tendencies which are permanent in English life, though they have found little direct outlet since the extreme Puritans were put down in the 17th century. We may think of Kierkegaard as a remarkably lucid poet of that spiritual revolution, which is the same whether it is preached by Savonarola in the 15th century or by itinerant Englishmen under the Commonwealth and the Restoration; and which is obscurely present in so much later European history.

MARY IN THE GARDEN

By F. WILSON

"Now when Jesus was risen, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene" MARK XVI, Verse IX.

The upturned flowers where she trod
 Cupped in their leaves the night's black dew;
 The dim sad fragrance of the old dew
 Was hung upon the steps she trod.

Stricken she passed those hours of bliss
 When the swift spirit breaks with flesh
 And wings the unlit heavens, fresh
 Arisen from the night's abyss.

And no-one came to speak with her.
 Jesus lay still; the garden wreathed
 In solitudes of moonlight breathed
 The sickly faint of balm and myrrh.

And then she felt the shadows flame
 And fluctuate with glory, knew
 The huge significance of dew
 The energy of earth's tense frame

For in the garden where she trod
 When not a petal seemed to stir
 The silence stooped to speak with her
 Silence that is the voice of God.

SOME NOTES ON SOME NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

By L. A. LEIMAN

Evidently, it all started with Caesar. Caesar offering to the Roman rabble an imposing display of gladiatorial games. It even started well before his time (round about 264 B.C.): the great emperor took over a well established practice by which the unpopular leaders were popularising their liberal tendencies and sanctifying at the same time the exhilarating "Ludes" with their gracious presence.

The ominous cry of "Panem et Circem" grew and rankled throughout the later days of the inglorious Empire: the mob had grown rebellious and restive, and the menace of the Roman populace was not to be dismissed with an indolent wave of some Nero's flabby and palsied hand. So, the games increased in scope and magnificence, and slaves followed beasts, and Christians followed slaves in the blood-stained, blood-inundated arenas. The mob cheered and jeered and laughed, and Caesar was gratified; the mob was amused and distracted, and Caesar could indulge in writing bad verse to the lazy accompaniment of the lute.

In Rome then, they had gladiatorial games, a pastime like another and not essentially divorced from one you could indulge in today in modern West-European Spain. The bulls are not Christian, but they feel as keenly and bleed as profusely and moan as pitifully as those men from some two thousand years ago. Nor has the audience changed appreciably: if anything it is more picturesque perhaps under this hard, parched, painfully blue Spanish sky, with the gaily coloured blouses of the senoritas gently burning in the cool shade of the men's black sombreros. They too cheer and jeer and laugh, and throw bunches of roses and kisses to the proud and beautiful torro down below.

Cicero protested faintly. The life of Mayo became one long, deep, heart-bursting cry of protest. O squeamish, effeminate, decadent sensibilities of egotistic man who would take away from the people of Spain, from the people of Rome their arenas covered with pools of blood, covered with flowers . . . For, what on earth would Francesco Perer do all Sunday long,

and with his jet-black, squinting senora at that clitter-clattering by his side like a coffee-mill under full steam? Besides the entrance fee is but 1 peseta, and if you know the Cerberus . . .

Not so long ago, cock-fights used to offer a fairly reasonable dose of entertainment to the week-end harassed gatherings of this Island. Two tiny, fiery feathered warriors were pitted in a ring and goaded into hacking each other with their sharp curved out beaks until their slick and shiny plumes were soiled and clotted with large, sprawling patches of blood. Though introduced as a royal sport by Henry VIII, in the later centuries cockfighting came to appeal to the simple folk, and so Parliament did away with it in the name of morality. We are told that when it was prohibited in 1847, every town, and almost every hamlet had a cock-pit of its own.

Before that, Britons knew bear-baiting, and introduced this innocuous form of merry-making in time for Shakespeare to mention it. As a matter of fact, batches of bears were brought over to this country during the reign of Henry II and ever since then the brown gauky giants were being tied down by heavy iron chains and set upon by packs of blood-hounds to the general delight of the audience.

In the intervals of time a more elaborate form of sport and merry-making took hold of man's imagination, and they were burning people in the market-place following the godly and goodly example of venerable Spain. Philip's Inquisition of course, with all its component witch and sorcerer-hunting had an indisputably higher entertainment value than had the sporadic twitchings of the sporadic martyrs slowly roasted through the drawn-out days of "Bloody Mary's" reign, but, nevertheless, Britain had her market days . . .

Which brings us to those glorious days in Revolutionary France, for, while Britain was basking, uneasily enough, in the sunshine of a self-evolving Parliamentary system, France was passing through an unending spell of bad harvest and bad kings, following each other with appalling regularity. So, one day, the Revolution came along, and tried her hand at repaying France for all those long centuries of dire neglect. She offered to the French people popular glory and popular institutions, and among these none was so truly popular and none so heartily appreciated as "Dame Guillotine."

By 1789, generations upon generations of God-fearing King-ridden citizens of Paris had accumulated vast stores of unexploded enthusiasm always handing them down intact and complete to their hapless progeny for better use at some future date. This great amount of potential energy was liberated at the outbreak of the Revolution, and later used up to its last cubic inch along the thorny path stretching harrowingly from Valmy to Moxon, and back again only to end more bluntly still against the granite wall of the blind alley at Waterloo.

But, at the very outset, Paris was still over-brimming with that intoxicating, jubilant joy of newly found freedom and a more immediate target was needed against which all that surplus energy might pummel itself out of breath. And so, throughout the whole of fair France they erected those lanky, rickety scaffoldings, and for months on end curious crowds used to gather, from the early hours of the morning, to see the finely chiselled heads of their "seigneurs" tumble into the dust while the wild uproar all around was reaching its drunken and frantic climax.

The mob was exulting, the mob was allying its blood-lust, perennial and profound. But was it blood-lust? Today we should have called it, probably, in our more cultured and complacent jargon, simply a "quest for excitement." Every Saturday you may meet the same crowd, but for the language and some details of toggery, yelling their hearts out at a hero in white shorts and blue jersey kicking a ball into a net. Substitute a severed head for the bouncing ball and a basket for the net . . . But substitutions are misleading. The fact is that today, whatever the seasons, we are watching football matches, horse races and sparring contests, and many will agree that on the whole the change is a welcome one. The masses' latent energy has been cleverly deviated into unobtrusive channels where it is left to work itself into an aching hoarse throat and a staunch hangover for Sunday. But following Sunday comes Monday: their lordships may sleep safely for another six days.

The evenings remain. It makes for a most fascinating study to analyse and compare the sundry modes of stuffing out that blank space of time precariously poised between a day's work and a night's sleep, when the common average man is left to his own devices how to annihilate that painful awareness of the escaping moment.

In Britain, a most flourishing institution caters for the vesperal needs of the citizen, and this institution, branded and derided by the irresponsible few, and duly extolled by the irrational many, lives and prospers under the summary denomination of pub. Nobody, I think,

will deny its crucial significance in the social and political life of the country, its predominantly national character, popular appeal, general application and multiple influence. It is hard to say how the pattern of British communal life evolved if the soil of this Island had proved uncongenial to the tender advances of the beer-generating hops; it is hard to say how many a violent and bloody rebellion had her dark and heavy clouds of human anger neatly diverted through the beer-brook into a series of gruff and complacent, sulky and cheerful innocuous outbursts of tipsy, oath-infested, good natured homilies.

In France, the place of the public house has been taken by the "bistro," the difference in quality and potency between the wine and the beer determining to a wide extent the difference in character between the "local" and "his" French brother-in-law. The "bistro" among other things, has not been found to adapt itself as fittingly to the function of a social centre as the public house has done in Britain. But the potency of the wine cannot very well be invoked as the solitary reason for this discrepancy in applications. The French character is more erratic and livelier, and the French climate is more congenial to outdoor pranks and escapades under a safe, starry sky and not boding ill with every adventitious cloud drawing a flimsy curtain in the moon's round face. The beer it is true, drags you into the realm of a sleepy cheerfulness, the wine into the more exotic land of high-pitched excitation (though some maintain that it is the other way round), but the main reason why the "bistro" has not attained to something like the enviable social position occupied by the pub in luckless Britain is to my mind, due to the stern competition of the coffee house which as often as not actually faces the "bistro," but which is notoriously absent from the vicinity of the local.

The fact that Britain alone of all European countries preserves no coffee house tradition is an astounding instance of those semi-historical and wholly haphazard coincidences brought about by a dozen conflicting opinions, and a score of improbable conjectures; in short the situation remains baffling in the extreme. It cannot very easily be traced to the general dampening influence of those never-forgotten years of Puritan domination under the Commonwealth when the stark, stern and hypocritical attitude of the God-inspired fanatics stamped itself indelibly on the English way of life in the form of the murky, puritan, self-absorbed Sabbath. While the towns and villages of Europe put out on the Lord's Day (at least when peace allows) all their brightest colours and their liveliest moods duly to celebrate the fleeting moment of liberation from a long week's drudgery, the English cities and the English country-side retire into a brooding frustrated atmosphere of thoughtful and soul-less pseudo-devotion. It has become the custom over here to rest on Sundays, emotionally as well as physically. But the working man's week is one dreary stretch of emotional and mental rest and instead of giving the spirit a day's holiday from routine, a day's holiday of healthy stimulating excitement, the empty colourless English Sunday sends her man on the roundabout way to the back-door of the unavoidable "local," to swill flaxen beer at twice the daily price (in Wales at least). But let us recall the straying strands of adventurous thoughts, leaving Cromwell with his band of ravenous doves outside the pale of the floodlights.

The weather may provide us with a clue, for one of the attractions of the continental cafe counts in that row or two of tiny marble tables drawn out on the green verandah or simply on a thin rectangle of pavement neatly fenced off by a battalion of painted earthen pots filled out with cigarette ends and flowers. In the winter the cafes fold in their wings and retire into their inner shells, but the miniature, second rate bands play on year in year out, now tenderly, now racy, with a sprinkling of casual couples on the table-encompassed parquet.

Like moths sucked in by candle-light, the "promeneurs" from the boulevards fit into the warm and humming and softly lit enclosure. But here, we should in reality accost the boulevard tradition, that other cameo-curio of city-life foible-oddities which played such a prominent part in that quaint irresistible, incorrigible "Vie de Boheme" of the last century, the mock-heroic nineteenth. But we could be straying again too far off the meandering thread of our investigation, so let's back to the gay cafes, sunlight-spotted during the afternoons and brightly neonised in the spacious evenings.

It is not true to say that the quasi-universal practice of sharing a cup of coffee, a cigarette and ton-loads of gossip and news is confined to the leisured, bourgeois class of boobies, fops, and nincompoops. There exists an infinite variety of coffee houses catering for an equally impressive variety of customers, their sites ranging from crooked and smell-bound suburb crescents to fashionable and aristocratically minded, overt open-necked avenues. Besides, it cannot be exclusively the effect of Cromwell and Jupiter, since Britain had her epoch of the

coffee-house in the eighteenth century, when coffee houses graduated into the position of political clubs and literary centres in which the unrelenting tug-of-war between Tory and Whig was billowing the coffee-cup seas while one George after another was sleepily fading into the "plusquam perfectum." You can read all about it in Sir Oliver Goldsmith's amiable essays where you will find that even ladies had merry coffee houses of their own while today women's clubs have become little else than battle-grounds in the wars between vieing categories of females with a mission.

Finally, two other reasons may be selected to account for the notorious want; the Empire and Democracy; the Empire in so far as its conquest has thrust under British rule huge tracks of tea producing regions (and everyone knows that tea is among the few beverages endowed with no socially-stimulating qualities whatsoever, whatever the meaning of "socially-stimulating") and Democracy in so far as it has, through its more or less equilibrated and smoothly functioning system, concluded the large scale opportunities for scandal-mongering and wild speculations. The days of Walpole had been days of wholesale corruption, and the days of Pitt days of complex and puzzling warfare in distant lands. Coffee houses are made for talk and people today seem to have so very little to say to each other when they meet; they had a wider range of interests in Dr. Johnson's conversational age. Yes, the political stability has chased out of Britain many a pleasant social habit, and the absence of those politically dangerous though socially delectable practices has in its turn reacted in the national field by facilitating the political stability.

Take Italy! The dominant national institution of Italy is Opera. The Italians take opera at its face value, without looking under the skin, snuffing the powder off the cheeks, moistening the eyelids in search of mascara, kissing the rouge away; they will not tolerate a quaver beneath the top C, but will throw themselves into a frenzy of enthusiasm for a quaver above it, they will hurl flowers and rotten tomatoes and roar when gratified and hiss when disappointed. Opera elates them, flushes them, squeezes tears from their eyes for the tenth time over the same ludicrous melodrama, makes their hearts surge and soar. . . . In London, Gigli-Rodolfo, back in Covent Garden after an eight years' absence was persuaded to repeat his ode to Mimi. I have heard a brilliant tenor, though of no world-wide repute, sing Werther's "Quand le Voyageur" five times without dismounting and a very tender Mimi die roundabout midnight when she could have expired well before eleven. . . .

Who knows whether some odd 120 years ago tight-rope dancer Wellington would have maintained his precarious administration had Opera been more popular in Britain. The Revolution of 1830 in little stolid Belgium started at a performance of Rossini's "L'Italianne à Alger," a flash-in-the-pan, patriotic squib. . . . But then it is much better perhaps that diehard Wellington should have been left enough time to shed his Tory slough without lambasting any windows about it, and almost unobtrusively, were it not for the Old Guard.

Some national institutions are very peculiar indeed. In Poland before the war, it was the Church: the Sunday morning Mass-melodrama had a universal appeal, an appeal otherwise compounded of the usual ingredients: the perennial longing for an easy elastic explanation of this Chinese puzzle of a world, of the strange fascination made up of organ music, stained glass and the dramatic performance at the softly-carpeted altar, of the wish finally, to show the wife's new hat at some place or another (and was not the church on a Sunday morning the best and most-frequented spot in the whole of the town?)

In Germany, it was a genuine and golden love for music, and another one as genuine though not as precious, for military parades. The love of military parades has led Germany to ruin; the love of music will help her rise again that she may re-develop her love of military parades. . . .

Today they have rice in China, as they used to when Europe was still in the womb of things to come, and love in France, a "specialité de la maison," and Gandhi in India, for they like permanence. But in the United States, they may scorn all the national institutions lumped together, for have they not got Hollywood, Almighty Hollywood? When all's done Hollywood's a God like another, I suppose, though doubtless, the most unconditionally venerated of all modern deities. With its tawdry collection of baby-gods such as jazz, glamour, technicolour and Lubitch, Hollywood holds an undisputed sway over the imagination and conscience of a great nation, a nation which has given to the world such names as Lincoln and Jefferson and

Hitchcock and Rooney. Let us then bow to Omnipotent God-Hollywood in all humility of spirit, let us kneel and let us pray lest Britain should lose the right to call herself a true Christian and Western Democracy.

In Soviet Russia the national institution "par excellence" is Communism. Now this is a very excellent joke, for many maintain that the word Communism, has no meaning whatsoever, and the few who claim to understand it are asking themselves what on earth has Communism to do with Russia. This Russian Communism then is made up of two things: Marx's "Capital" and Stalin's Moustache; but the Soviet citizens are very proud about it all, and then, if we allow church-goers to call themselves Christians "de facto" we should bear with equanimity the Russians styling themselves Communists. Oh, yes! and even Democrats. . . .

In Soviet Russia the spare time is taken up by lectures on how to spend spare time, but in the United States all the spare time is devoted to the admiration of God-Hollywood.

Oh, give me Liverpool; give me the "local" any time!

MADRIGAL

By "RUE"

Fain would I, but I dare not
Steal a kiss, for that she'd care not.
She would mock me if I asked it,
Straight despise me if I stole it,
Yet she leads me on to try
How now wanton?
Fie, fie, fie!

FRAGMENT

By "RUE"

Like jewels that no longer lustrous be
So are thine eyes when his thou canst not see.
But at his coming they like diamonds shine
And leave the cloudy tears to well in mine.

DER KRIEG IST NUN ZULETZT VORBEI GEGANGEN

By G. GRIFFIN

"Eine Besatzung, meint er, die dem Bürger auf dem Nacken latest, verbiete ihm durch ihre Schwere, grosse Sprünge zu machen."

GOETHE: "Egmont"

Der Krieg ist nun zuletzt vorbei gegangen,
Für Deutschland, aber, scheint' ne kalte Sonne;
Wo lieget denn die himmelfrohe Wonne,
Mit allen ihren Menschen stets gefangen?
Von ihren Frau und ihren Kindern immer fern,
Diese, die gegen uns gestritten;
Sie haben, dennoch seitdem viel gelitten,
Und des wahren Deutschland liegt hier doch der Kern.
Was erhofft man von dem Land,
Dem wir die Jugend ganz genommen?
Wie kann es Grösse nun bekommen,
Ohne der Freiheits sanfte Band?
Ohne diese muss es hilflos bleiben,
Ohne diese muss es ziellos treiben,
Dies' ist also für uns keine Rachestunde,
Wir müssen sie sofort nach Deutschland schicken,
Und dann nur können wir auf Deutschland blicken,
Und sehn die Heilung aller Kriegeswunde.

THE FAIR

By G. P. WEBB

Ram Das was awake early. The fields were still damp, misty and grey, and there was no-one else at the river to disturb his washing except the frogs. They were still croaking loudly as they had croaked all night, except when a hungry owl had flapped overhead.

It was good to get up early, for in the "Gita" did it not say that to rise while it was still dark, and to stand under a "pipal" tree until sunrise, was a good Yoga? Well, he hadn't stood under a "pipal" tree because he had to wash, and he hadn't really got up early to do Yoga; but he hoped that the gods would think well of him and make him a shop-keeper next time instead of a poor husbandman. It was easy for the fat "bunias," and the moneylenders to pray several times a day, and to fast every now and then for they had only to sit all day and were fat. But to trudge, trudge, trudge, behind the oxen and the wooden "hal" all day long was very tiring, and no-one could be blamed for taking a full night's sleep. And as to fasting! They were all fasting these days. Since the war, the ration of rice was so little that they could only have one meal during the day, and even if it had been more, he could not have bought it at eight annas a seer. His daughter's wedding had cost one hundred rupees, and he still owed Daulat Shah the moneylender, sixty. Sometimes, with the rioting in the city, they would not go into the bazaar for weeks, and so they could not buy any "jalabi," or sweetmeat, or tobacco. He could not remember when he had last bought a new "dhoti." The one he was wearing, he had worn on his wedding-day over ten years ago, and it was ugly with huge, yellow-stained patches. Yes, there was the strip of thin cloth he had got since, in exchange for a calf, and he would wear that to-day to go to the fair. The buffalo could rest to-day and wallow in the mud of the water-hole; for to-day he would take his wife and Govind to the "mela," which was held every year to commemorate the saint's birthday. There would be sweetmeats to buy, and a new bead necklace, and betel-nut, and "pan; the dancing-girls to watch. Govind would like to hear the music, even if he couldn't watch the "nautch"; for Govind was blind. He loved his son, but what could be done for him? Nothing. He had been sent by the gods without his eyesight, so what was the good of trying to do anything for his blindness. As useless as to try to get more corn by emptying bags of white powder over the earth.

He took the clean cloth from the inside of the hut and wrapped it about his loins, withdrawing the old "dhoti" from underneath it. Then having rubbed his body quite dry with the old cloth, he readjusted the new, clean one. He called to his wife who was still sleeping, and sat on his heels to smoke a "biri," while she sat up from the straw mat and woke Govind.

When they had gone to the river, Ram Das took a piece of tin and went to the corner of the hut. He scraped away the earth and took out a small bundle of rag, which he opened. He counted the eleven rupees, and re-tied the rag, carefully concealing it in the folds of his "dhoti." He lit a small fire of sticks inside the hut and then put some dry cow-dung on top of the flames. His wife brought water in a small tin back from the river, and hung it above the fire to make tea. To the warm water she added some goats' milk and a few tea leaves, together with a lump of "gur," the brown, treacle-like sugar that is boiled from the canes. This was allowed to boil for several minutes, and then poured into three glasses. Ram Das was very proud of the glass tumblers, which he had bought for their wedding, and were his fondest possession. How fine to drink tea out of a glass like the "tekidar" or the village headman, and not out of a brass pot!

The tea was very hot so Ram Das told Govind to let the glass stay a little while on the floor until it became cool. While his wife was gathering some food into a cloth to take with them, he sat blowing on his tea and looking at his son. Govind seldom spoke, and was no trouble to his father. He never complained of his blindness, but did always what he was told to do. He had learnt to drive the oxen in from the fields at night, calling to them in his soft, low voice, and could go to the river to draw water without help. He could play the flute and the "sita" beautifully, and loved to sit over the fire during the cold months and hear his father tell of the minstrels, who had wandered through Hindustan in the ancient times singing the old sacred songs of the Veda. He would ask too, of the colours of the birds that he could hear in the nearby wood, and would sit with his face towards the West when the sunset blazed behind the dark hills.

Ram Das felt that he was to blame for the boy's blindness. Once when he was young, he had walked into the temple with some old leather shoes on, and when his father heard he

had wept and moaned, and said that the gods would punish him. But he wished that it could have happened to him and not to his son. He wished every time he looked at those sightless eyes that his own might be glazed, and Govind's living. Govind could have been such a comfort to his mother, and what did it matter about himself? He could have been taken down to the bridge over the river every day, to beg with the other blind men, and the lepers. There at least he could get a few pice to help buy the daily rice.

It was still early when they set out for the fair, but the sun was hot upon his back. A bullock-cart ahead of them swayed from side to side in front of a large column of dust, and their legs were soon dusted white to the ankles from the powdery earth. The brain-fever bird called monotonously from a dusty, green "bagh," warning them of many more hot days and nights to come before the rains, and a black and yellow hoopoe bird was pecking with its curved beak at a snail in the ditch. Other parties were moving towards the fair. Ram Das could see them moving slowly over the fields and along the little tracks between the paddy and the sugar-cane. The men were walking on in front, some carrying long sticks under their arms, one pushing a bicycle; the women chattering behind with children in each hand, and a baby on their hips. How he wished he could have bought Begum Lal a new "sari" for today! He smiled at her, "Kih aj tum khubsurat ho." His wife smiled back at him. She knew she was not really beautiful, although she liked to hear him tell her so. But perhaps, if only she could have had a new sari for today. She looked down at the faded blue of the cloth, and the new green border which she had sewn on three days ago, and sighed. But at least she had her silver ear-rings (which were her father's wedding present, and were heavier than those of most of the village women) and her gold bracelet, whose fretted figures of Shiva had become smooth from the river water and the daily work of the hut.

A bullock-cart drawn by two beautiful white animals was coming rapidly up the road from behind, and Ram Das pulled Govind into the side of the road to let it pass. The dust from the cloven hoofs made them sneeze, and Begum Lal drew her sari over her face. "Why does Daulat Shah go to the fair?" she asked "He is a Mohammedan and a moneylender, is not our saint a Hindu 'Sadhu'?" "It is now so long ago that nobody knows: he was a great and holy man and revered by all. The Mussalmen claim him as their 'Pir,' we Hindus say he is *our* Sadhu, but his memory is sacred to all the villagers for one hundred miles from here."

Ram Das made no more explanation, for he did not really know who the saint was, or why the fair was held. Only he knew that he had been taken to it ever since he could remember and now he was taking *his* son. Also he knew that Daulat Shah was not going to the fair to reverence the memory of the saint, but to sit in front of the "nautch" girls, and throw them money, and to go with one of them into their tent when he had thrown enough. He hated Daulat Shah, for he was rich and had thousands of rupees. But he still continued to squeeze the hundred out of Ram Das; anna by anna; rupee by rupee. And Daulat Shah was fat and wicked, for although he had three wives he often went to the houses of the "bazaar walian," the women of the bazaar.

Begum Lal had stopped to gather the petals of some wild-rose flower, and Govind was collecting them in his cupped hands. They must have petals to sprinkle in-front of the saint's tomb, and some money must be left as well.

It was after mid-day when they reached the mela; all the lanes between the stalls and the tents were crowded with villagers. There must have been as many tents as there were little clouds in the sky when the monsoon was coming, and within a rope circle in front of every tent danced one or two nautch-girls with a band that varied in size from one to six instruments. Some girls were dressed in saris, some in the Northern costume of bodice and pyjamas, and all had heavy silver bangles on their ankles with little bells which jangled when they stamped their feet. They had painted faces, and blackened eyes, and sometimes they danced and sometimes they sang. When they got tired they strolled slowly about the ring, laughing and talking to each other, and inspecting the audience. When more money was thrown, they began to dance again. The size of the audience in front of each tent depended on the attractiveness of the dancer; sometimes an infatuated "bunia" would sit in front of his passion all through the day, and far into the night.

Joining all the tents together were stalls of merchandise of every description. Here was a display of brassware, and there of Kashmiri carving: here ivory from the South, and Mysore sandalwood, there shawls and laces from the West. Every other stall was for tea and sweetmeats, some also selling curried meats and chicken, and all of them, cheap cigarettes and

biris. Gold and silver ornaments attracted the wealthier families; heavy rings for the ears and fingers drew those intending marriage, a myriad of coloured glass bangles were there for all and sundry to admire.

In the centre of all was a huge stone temple, built over the tomb of the saint. All the known and unknown Hindu gods were carved around its tapered dome. Kali, the goddess of death and destruction, danced in frozen cruelty, her many arms clutching at all with long fingers; Ganpat, the elephant god sat with a wreath of flowers on his head. Sri Krishna danced gaily along playing his flute, and Vishna gazed benevolently over suffering humanity.

Ram Das went to the temple first, and joined the throng waiting to make "puja" to the saint. He had no shoes to take off, so he did not have to give a pice to the beggar who sat on the steps looking after them. The throng moved slowly forward up the dirty, betel-splattered stones, and soon they were inside the door of the temple. Incense was burning, and a Brahmin priest was chanting a veda. A huge statue of Vishna towered above the tomb, the painted stone eyes watching, watching, the worshippers. Nothing escaped them, those eyes saw all. For centuries she had sat impassive thus, and those that passed today were dust tomorrow; only the images remained.

Begum Lal gave some rose petals to Ram Das and Govind, and Ram Das took out his rag and removed one of the rupee notes, carefully replacing the other ten. When they were opposite the tomb, they threw the petals over the stones, and Ram Das put the rupee down slowly, so that the priest could see. Then he placed the palms of his hands together, and raised them to his forehead as he bowed his head, and they made their way slowly behind the worshippers out of the opposite door of the temple.

They had ten rupees left to spend now, so they went to the stall with the curried meat, and had some rice and "palao" on a big leaf, and some sweet "halwa." Govind and Begum Lal had a glass of white curd, but Ram Das bought a cup of tea and two annas worth of betel nut. When they had finished their meal, Ram Das saw a little brass flute, which he bought for Govind. The boy was delighted with it, and sat down by the side of the stall and started to play. He would have been content to sit there for the rest of the day, but Begum Lal wanted to buy a necklace, so Govind had to catch hold of a corner of her sari, and be guided to the stall with the ornaments. There were necklaces of all colours and stones, and Begum Lal looked long at all of them. At last she chose one of soft brown amber. "How much" said Ram Das, "I want it for my wife." "Eight rupees" said the shopkeeper. "Before the war one could buy such a one for *three* rupees—I will give you five, that is all I have." "Seven rupees, and not one anna less." The shopkeeper raised both hands to signify he would bargain no further. "My son can play the flute so that you will imagine you are in Kashmir and surrounded by waterfalls" boasted Ram Das; "Play! Govind." The flute was raised in slender brown fingers, and a sweet and whispering melody caused several of the passers-by to stop and listen. The water danced and sparkled, and small birds sang and flitted from rock to rock dodging the white spray. Govind's fingers moved more slowly and the cattle were returning from the fields, and evening falling. The shopkeeper could see the blue mountains of his native hills against the fading sky, and hear in the distance a shepherd boy piping his way home along the mountain track. The music stopped, and the shopkeeper opened his eyes again. "If I were not a poor man, I would give you the necklace. Take it for five rupees!" Ram Das gave him the money for he still had eight annas left, and fastened the necklace round his wife's neck. "How pretty it looks" he said, "Does it make you happy?" "I don't mind about my sari now, I am very happy" laughed his wife, "Let us go and watch the dancing."

The three moved away from the stalls towards one of the roped enclosures. Ram Das could not remember having seen so many at the fair before, at times one could only move slowly, the crush was so great. There were many apart from the local villagers there. Wealthy "zamindars" from the South with their veiled, bejewelled wives, were jostled by bespectacled, laughing students from Delhi. Pale, tall Kashmiri moneylenders with their curved noses and broad shoulders stood fingering their moustaches at the busiest stalls; their long, heavy sticks under their arms. Little clerks and "babus" from the city minced about with their clinging wives, trying to look respectable in their long, black, thread-bare coats.

They reached the roped space and stood to watch the dance. The nautch-girl was not a good dancer, but she could move her body very voluptuously, and now and again she would move near the seated watchers and bend low so that the full rounds of her breasts could be seen

inside the scarlet bodice. Daulat Shah was sitting in the very front of the circle of spectators and eyeing the girl covetously: Ram Das wondered if he could spit on the moneylender from the back of the crowd, and what would happen if he did. During the pauses in the dance when the drummer stopped to wipe his brow, and knead his long fingers, Daulat Shah would wave a five rupee note at the girl, and then conceal it on his person, so that she would have to put her hand in his pocket to get it, and her warm, scented body would be close to his face. The crowd would giggle and applaud, and Daulat Shah would wriggle with excitement and pleasure. Ram Das wondered what the girl really thought of the flabby, fat beast.

It was growing dark, and the oil lamps had all been lighted. Some stalls had only candles, for the night was still, and there was no wind. Begum Lal was tired of this horrid dancing and was telling Ram Das that it was time they set out for home, when the first sound of the "fisad" came to them. There was a noise and a crowd outside the temple, and one or two frightened men and women came running. Yes, a fight! In the temple! A Mohammedan had entered the temple and passed in front of the tomb, but had been recognised by some of his own villagers. He had been set upon and carried outside, where some of his friends and other sons of Allah were trying to rescue him. "There will be a riot; let us go," said Ram Das, "run towards the main road." They began to run quickly between the tents and stalls towards the road, but already it was too late. Up the avenue of stalls down which they hurried, a fighting, struggling mass was moving. Stalls and tents were blazing, and the women and dancing girls screaming. Ram Das caught hold of Govind, and cried to Begum Lal, but before she could reply, the noise of the crowd was above them, and the maddened rioters upon them. Ram Das was borne along, and Govind was washed out of his hand. He was squashed against a stall which collapsed and sent a shower of brass images down on the heads of the fighting mob. Ram Das seized a leg of the stall and began to defend himself against a big Pathan who was struck from behind before he could raise his knife. Suddenly, he saw Daulat Shah crawling along on all fours beneath the stalls, and a great fire of hate and triumph was hot in his heart and head. Two jumps, and he was standing over Daulat Shah: two hits, and the terror and life had died from the moneylender's eyes. Ram Das' breath came short and fast, and the fire died out of his mind. He only knew now, that there would be no sixty rupees to pay any more, and that he would be able to buy corn to feed the oxen during the winter, and sometimes a little meat to put in the rice.

He must get out of this, he must find his wife and Govind. Where had they gone? The centre of the riot had passed him, and the many people that ran by were hurrying to save their lives and reach their homes. Soon the police would arrive with rifles, and then the mob would be fired on and many would be killed. Better to go now and not be killed.

He ran down the aisles of wrecked stalls calling to his wife and Govind. Many people were lying groaning on the ground, while others were looting the merchandise, and some children eating the sweetmeats on the curried-meat stall. But at last he found them together near the grass verge of the road, and he shouted with joy and relief. Begum Lal had Govind's head in her lap, and as he drew nearer he saw that there was a great wound in his head and that his hands were limp and motionless. He gave a great sob, and the tears of both himself and his wife fell in the darkness upon their son's body. And Ram Das wished with a great wish that he could be lying dead in the place of his son, and that Govind had been left to comfort his mother. There would be no-one to play the flute during the cold winter months, and no-one to tell him which birds were whistling in the wood. He would not have to tell Govind how pretty the flame-tree looked against the dark green mangoes, and how fine the snow mountains looked on a clear, cold day. This had happened because he had killed Daulat Shah; this was his sudden punishment from the gods. What could be done against them? What could be done?

He kissed his wife softly and raised her up: then he stooped down and lifted Govind gently on to his shoulders. He caught his wife's hand, and together they moved slowly away down the little dust track that led to the village, Ram Das' white dhoti showing faintly in the starlight.

The police had come and gone, and there was only a great quiet over the fair ground. The temple gleamed white in the starlight, and the figure of Kali carved in the stone, danced hideously in the light of a fluttering oil-lamp, her mouth dripping blood, and her many arms writhing. And the night air was sweet with the scent of "Rat ki Rani;" the small white flower, "The Lady of the Night."

AN ENGLISH BALLET

By A. T. CARLILE

The death of Diaghileff in 1929 and the consequent disbanding of his company saw the conclusion of an exotic era in the history of ballet. Under the direction of this great impresario ballet had reached artistic heights hitherto unequalled and had won for itself a popularity which steadily increased as one great season succeeded another. With his death, the prospect for European ballet, which had seemed so hopeful at the close of the 'twenties,' took on a hopeless complexion as the 'thirties' opened.

In England however, there were enthusiasts who were determined that the continuity of European ballet should not be destroyed. In this art-form, continuity plays an important part since there is an absence of a satisfactory system of recording ballets. This necessitates dancers handing on their work from generation to generation if it is to survive.

To Lilian Baylis, Ninette de Valois and Marie Rambert the balletomanes of today owe an immense debt for it is truly upon the solid foundations they laid that the present English ballet is built. Marie Rambert's school, although having no direct connection with the Saddler's Wells Ballet, has contributed many dancers and designers to it and one of its three choreographers, Frederick Ashton. The Ballet Rambert, however, has itself remained a small group, producing much fine work of the type known as "chamber ballet."

The Sadler's Wells Theatre was rebuilt by Lilian Baylis as a sister theatre to the Old Vic and opened in 1931. From this date the Vic-Wells Ballet, which had been a part of the opera company began its existence as a separate organisation. With commendable foresight the direction was entrusted to an Irish dancer who had been a soloist in the Diaghileff company, Ninette de Valois. It is undoubtedly due to her gift of organisation and to her talent as a choreographer that progress in the following years was so rapid.

The initial difficulties to be overcome were substantial: of these the most important was the creation of an interested public. The lack of press enthusiasm was a drawback that may well be imagined in these days of publicity campaigning. In fact, if Ninette de Valois had not created a major triumph with *Job* in the initial stages of the company's life, it is doubtful whether it could have weathered the storm of difficulties.

The appearance of Alicia Markova in the 1932 season provided the attraction necessary to the building up of a regular audience. Although many went only to see and worship Markova and Anton Dolin, a sound company of dancers was being quietly cultivated in the background against the inevitable day when Markova and Dolin would leave.

The year 1933 has since proved to be of the utmost importance to the Wells for it was in that year that Ashton produced his first ballet for it and a young Australian-born dancer, Robert Helpmann, joined the company.

From the outset the company was strictly trained in the Russian classical style and the standard "ballets" were soon introduced into the rapidly expanding repertoire; *Les Sylphides*, *Giselle*, and *Le Lac de Cygnes*, shortened versions of *Coppelia* and *Casse Noisette* were all being performed by 1934. However, it was evident from the beginning that this company was not just to be a copy, and possibly and inferior copy of its great Diaghileff predecessor. A new type of ballet was soon evident and there were promising signs that a truly English school might be forthcoming.

Alicia Markova, who had done such priceless work for the company, left in 1935 having established a permanent place in English affection. Many of her roles were taken over by the first ballerina of the English school, Margot Fonteyn. This young girl, although as yet not technically perfect, showed considerable promise for the future. With the departure of Anton Dolin, the leading male roles were mounted on Robert Helpmann who had been showing an unusual depth of feeling and sense of stage with his work in the *corps de ballet*.

The company was now entirely on its own feet with no guest dancers and commenced a period of technical development. Until the outbreak of war the Sadler's Wells Ballet showed progress which was steady if not spectacular. At the same time, it was making wide use of English composers and artists and creating an ever-increasing reputation for ballet in this country.

The war history of the company was a magnificent tribute to its artistic foundations. In spite of the necessity of military service claiming practically all its male dancers, the inability to use its own theatre for five years, and the loss of most of its costumes and scenery in the invasion of Holland where it was touring in 1940, the Wells created some of its most outstanding successes

in this period. Helpmann flourished as a first-rate choreographer with the works *Comus*, *Hamlet* and *The Miracle in the Gorbals*: de Valois gave us the delightful *Prospect before Us*; Ashton created four works of major importance—*Dante Sonata*, *The Wanderer*, *The Wise Virgins* and *The Quest*. During this trying period the interest shown generally in the ballet spread enormously and the sudden movement of what had appeared at one time as an esoteric art-form into one enthusiastically appreciated by the masses was one of the most striking events in the war's diffusion of culture.

The explanation of this war-time audience boom is a complex problem. The patronage of the theatre generally, whether it be opera, drama or music-hall, has received an impetus since those latter days of aerial warfare above and around London. People were experiencing a natural desire for escapism, and the theatre, especially the ballet, offered the opportunity that was in popular demand.

It is my contention, however, that this is not the real answer to the problem. No little part has been played by the way the Wells has taken the art back to its true basis in dance-drama, the clarification of the theme, the relation of skilled dance movement to realistic gesture. This is the true reason for its current popularity. Also, whether knowingly or not, we have nurtured this company in our midst for the past fifteen years. The public, always reticent to exhibit its pride at something basically English, is now showing it by loyal support although, recently, I have noticed a dangerous tendency towards a lack of critical appreciation which must be tempered.

A great impetus to the spread of its popularity in the provinces was provided by the publication in 1938 of Arnold Haskell's informative volume *Ballet* in the Pelican series. This was the first book on the ballet to be published at a popular price and brought the subject to a wider public than ever before.

The reputation now held by what is, in all but name, our National Ballet has spread throughout the world and there is little doubt that we have one of the finest contemporary companies which will certainly prove itself an outstanding ambassador.

And what of the future? Not only does the future of the English ballet depend upon the progressive and creative policies of its companies but also upon the ability of its schools to ensure that the standard of dancing is maintained. Ballet is dependent on dancers and it was a long-sighted policy that made Ninette de Valois found the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. Here we have an incomparable training ground within the structure of a flourishing company which augurs well for years to come. Already, Beryl Grey, a dancer of this school, shows promise of being one of the greatest classical dancers of our time. The situation with regard to male dancers is not so promising but the return of dancers now in the forces may eradicate this weakness in time.

Margot Fonteyn has now attained a perfection of technique and sense of character that ranks her amongst the greatest ballerinas of this century. She is at home alike with classical or character roles and is pre-eminently suited to all styles of dancing. In *Giselle*, which is to the ballerina what *Hamlet* is to the actor, her village girl is adorable; she is almost unbearably moving in the mad scene, and her ghostly *Giselle* has a spiritual quality that lifts the ballet into the realms of purest art. We can look forward to many brilliant interpretations from her in the future.

In Robert Helpmann we have one of the greatest mimes that ballet has seen and a choreographer of outstanding merit. Although he never seems perfectly at home in classical ballet he partners well. His amazing sense of humour is seen to good advantage in *Coppelia* as Dr. Coppélius and in *The Prospect before Us* as Mr. O'Reilly. He excels in character mime in *Hamlet*, *The Miracle in the Gorbals* and *The Rake's Progress*.

From the beginning of the present year, the company was strong enough to divide its forces into two groups. The main company comes under the jurisdiction of the Covent Garden Opera House authorities for a tentative period of four years whilst the second company will appear at Sadler's Wells. This policy puts the Sadler's Wells Ballet into the large-scale category of the largest Russian companies of the past and its background of classical tradition is being maintained by new productions of *The Sleeping Princess* with *decor* by Oliver Messel and of *Giselle* with *decor* by James Bailey. There seems also to be promise of the revival of more outstanding ballets of the past and the outlook for the repertoire looks promising.

The individual dramatic character of the English ballet to-day places it on the threshold of its greatest development. In the next few years an eventful chapter in the history of our National Ballet will be written and its effect upon world ballet cannot be otherwise than considerable.

LETTER TO A SICK SUB-EDITOR

By G. F. PALMER

(Letters of the Truly Great frequently appear in print. When asked for permission to publish one of his letters, Mr. Palmer replied with the following note :—

My dear Lady,

I am sure the world will hate my private brainstorm in print. They are often unpleasant and always untrue. I cannot remember enough about the one you wish to vouch for more than the latter; it takes the general public to see the former. Let them then. I am inclined to feel at this moment, that even the printing of something about Auden is better than Auden himself. And it all fills space.

Felicitations,

G. F. P.)

My dear J—,

Poppa Palmer to the rescue!—and as usual, more than a little late. But this time it is not entirely my fault. Mr. C. . . has only this week presented me with a letter from you more than a month old, with the demand that I do something about it. For you suggest that maybe Mike and I can tell you the “hidden meanings” of *Paid on Both Sides*, “if there are any.” Stricken by a pang of conscience and a knowledge of ignorance, Mike thrusts the burden onto my shoulders. And I, a mere underling in love with my own voice, fall over myself to obey the commands of two such mighty superiors.

Now I haven’t the slightest doubt that you have by this time gone to other more rewarding authors, but your mention of the first stirrings of an article for *SECOND WESSEX* stirs me to revive your interest. Auden is pre-eminently the writer for an undergraduate audience, having never wholly outgrown that stage himself. (Hence, I suspect, his decision to settle in America—an environment peculiarly suited to that sort of mind.) Unless you think of him as Peter Pan wearing T. S. Eliot’s trousers and a dirty College muffler I do not think you will get very far. And these reflections are particularly apposite to the early poems, of which, I should deduce from its position in *Poems* 1931, *Paid on Both Sides* is the earliest.

In reading this “charade” do not be deceived. Auden is always a careless writer. He throws poems together quite casually, and if the result does not please, picks up the pieces and puts them in somewhere else. A very fine example of this is the poem *The Witnesses*, the last section of which is word for word, one of the choruses from *Dog Beneath the Skin*, but the rest of the poem has nothing at all to do with that play. Here then, is one cause of obscurity, and related to it is another. Auden simply cannot resist an attractive writing idea, whether it has anything to do with the subject on hand or not. (He has my sympathy; I can resist it no more than he can.) This trait explains much of the clowning. Peter Pan’s sense of humour must be allowed an airing. But it does not explain all of it. And so we come to the major point in reading *Paid on Both Sides*, to wit—Auden is trying only, I think, to induce general moods in his audience, not particular perceptions. A taut emotional chorus or dialogue must be followed by some relaxation i.e. a comic scene. But that the two should bear any thematic connection is not necessary. Father Christmas and the Doctor and the boy, are not intended to mean anything they are clowns pure and simple, inhabiting much the same world as most of Shakespeare’s clowns, and getting their humours off a very similar rubbish dump.

One further cause of obscurity remains. As we learn from Isherwood’s *Lions and Shadows* (a book which must be read for a proper understanding of both authors) he and Auden had created together an intense personal mythology. Pieces of this keep drifting into his poetry as images. Isherwood’s book will explain a few of them for you, the rest are purely private and quite inexplicable except by Auden; they are not generalised symbols like T. S. Eliot’s, and of course Auden has never bothered to explain.

Well, having done my best to rent the triple veils of the temple for you, let us have another look at the main edifice. We find it basically much the same old Auden tale. In *New Writing in Europe* (another ‘must’ book for Auden study), John Lehmann says—“Auden loves to create a world which seems to be in the throes of a strange guerrilla campaign with secret conspiracies on all sides. . . .” It’s the schoolboy mind again, you see. And the theme is, as ever, the idea of “the death wish,” which he borrowed from Freud and Homer Lane. Says the Announcer in *The Dance of Death*—

“We will show you Death as a dancer.”
Chorus “Our death!”

Our death, that's it. Modern society is breaking up, unless we find "new styles of architecture, a change of heart." "What do you think," he says in *Letter to a Wound*, "about England, this country where nobody is well?" This idea reaches its best expression in that fascinating, confusing and extremely funny *Journal of an Airman*, also in *The Orators*. This should be read in conjunction with *Paid on Both Sides*; they illuminate one another.

In *Paid on Both Sides* then, society is divided against itself, into parts which are destroying each other; as also is the soul of man. And the only way out is to get right away. Dick does this; Anne, of those who would like to bring peace, would also have liked to do this:—

"John, I have a car waiting. There is time to join Dick before the boat sails. We sleep in beds where men have died howling."

But Anne's suggestion is received with resignation, and she stays to find her last sentence too terribly true. Those who stay get shot; that is the whole story of the play. Get out or get under.

"Auden the Communist sits in the wings
And pulls the strings."

With which typically Audenish verse I end my lecture.

Do please write that article. Make it extremely opined and infuriate the pseudo-world....

I shall soon also be suffering from overwork. You at least I hope are fully recovered.

GEOFF.

P.S. You also ask Mike "are poets saved?" Never, my lady, never. "Why this is Hell nor am I out of it," said Kit Marlowe. I'm inclined to agree with him. The pubs open two days a week in this region. The Sahara is also, I am told, a lush pasture.

G. F. P.

THE GODS ARE CONTENTED

By RONALD SAVORY

I find the following amongst my chronicles of the Burma campaign of last summer.

A survivor from a labour-gang which had toiled as slaves of the Japanese on the Burma-Siam railway was carried out of the jungle into our Headquarters by an old Burman the other day. When he was able to talk he recounted a tale that we might have attributed to his delirious condition had we been in England, but in this uncivilised country, wrapped in mystery and superstition, nothing is impossible. Here is the story as I wrote it when he told it.

"I was one of a party of forty men working on a section of the railway some miles from the nearest Jap post. In charge of the party was a Colonel Kamayuki, we called him "Satan." If I described him as callous and cruel it would make him appear a saint in comparison with his true character. We worked and starved eighteen hours a day: our only food was rice. Kamayuki systematically murdered my pals by beatings and starvation, but I expect that you have heard too many horrors to want to hear more, so suffice it to say that within two months only half a dozen living corpses were left. Those thirty-four men who had died had been buried beneath the railway.

A score of miles to the North of us there was a volcano. To the Burmen it was the home of their Gods, and when it was dormant the Gods were contented, but when smoke poured from it then the Gods were stoking their furnaces ready to receive sinners; and during the whole of the two months in which "Satan" was driving forty men to their deaths smoke came from the volcano, and forboding rumblings could be heard for miles around.

The climax came at night. The day had been hot and still, nothing stirred, neither a breath of air nor a living creature, for we miserable six were too weak to move, and the animals had gone. Yes, the animals of the jungle too, had sensed that Nature was preparing to unleash her fury upon us, and for three days they had been coming from the direction of the volcano, had crossed the line and had fled away to the Southward.

In the early morning it came. Ever since there had been murmurings and whisperings in the air, from the direction of the volcano they came, nearer, ever nearer, till they almost shouted at your very ears and your eardrums throbbed and your brain spun, and you daren't shut your eyes because frightful beings capered and danced before you. Then a clap of thunder, crashing through the night, resounding through the jungle, echoing and echoing again through

the trees, announced what might have been the end of the world. Blood-red flame and lava burst from the volcano, flash upon flash of lighting streaked across the sky, bringing down trees like so many skittles. The earth shook, and heaved, and rolled, "Satan" Kamayuki might have summoned all the myriads of his namesake's legions from the bowels of the earth, and they could not have instilled as much terror into us, who had suffered so much and who now had to live through that night.

As the storm crescendoed to its grand finale the earth seemed to rise up to meet the sky, our frail hut collapsed upon us, and as we fell into oblivion, a scream that I never wish to hear again, but which will for ever ring in my ears, and echo from the dead, pierced the fury of the storm. No words of mine can describe that scream, it did not belong to this world, ghastly, horrible it was," and here he shuddered, and shivered, and sweated as he had done that night. "We knew no more until the dawn, then the storm had ceased and peace and quiet ruled over the land, and we crept forth from the ruins of our hut to view the havoc.

Across the railway and extending twenty yards either side of it was a gash in the surface of the ground. The steel rails had been snapped in two, and bent upwards to form the shape of a gallows! And there was a body hanging from the rails. From that distance we were unable to recognise it, and weak as we were we stumbled, fell, dragged ourselves to it. Then we knew, oh unbelievable spectacle! Oh joy of joys! It was Kamayuki! We only knew him from the clothes, his features were so agonisingly distorted as to be unrecognisable. The broken end of the rail had been bent to form a noose and from it was hanging "Satan." He had apparently been standing by the side of the railway when the earthquake had occurred, and the rail had risen, formed the noose round his neck, and swept him up with it as it careered skyward.

The Jap guards had disappeared, I suppose they had fled into the jungle in fright believing that there they would escape Nature's fury. We cast our eyes to the ground and looked into the rift that had been formed, and there, seeming to stretch up to greet the dead Colonel and to drag his body down to everlasting perdition, were human remains—those of our comrades that he had murdered. All was still and quiet again, the volcano was at peace, and the new day, our first day of freedom, broke in silence, until a voice behind us said softly, "The Gods are contented." It was the volcano-worshipping Burman who brought me in, and we realised then that no earthly agency had revenged our murdered friends.

We re-buried the remains of my pals, decently, and in a Christian manner, and we erected wooden crosses to mark their graves, but Kamayuki we left hanging where we had found him, for the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest are not particular about their food."

FINIS.

REASON: ITS VALUES AND LIMITATIONS

By J. VELA GALEA

What is attempted below, and what can be attempted on so vast a subject in so short a space is but the barest outline; all statements can be fully substantiated. One main faculty distinguishing Man from brute is reflective reasoning, and it is Man's special prerogative and duty to use it rightly, so as to attain progress and to discover truth. The object of the intellect is truth, and the intellectual process is a means of acquiring that end. However the whole truth is not only to be found in all the secular knowledge attainable.

Since God, who is Essential Truth, is the ultimate cause of all Creation, so God alone is the last end of Man. He is the supreme purpose of Man's existence. To God, Man is united by special relations that constitute religion. In religious matters reason can discover only the truths pertaining to the natural order, such as the existence of God. Some of these truths belonging to natural religion have also been revealed to Man by God, so as to render the knowledge of these fundamental truths more easy, more certain, more universal. Moreover, divine revelation embraces truths of a supernatural order, i.e. truths that are beyond our limited human understanding, truths which unaided reason cannot discover, and at the complete understanding of which reason cannot arrive. There need not be any doubts as to the possibility of revelation; if Man can communicate his innermost thoughts and the fruits of his investigations to his fellow-men, *a fortiori*, God can be in communication with men whom He created. If it is reasonable, as no sane person doubts, to accept as true, on the evidence of trustworthy and scholarly and unprejudiced men, statements that we cannot test for ourselves; much more reasonable is it to accept as true facts manifested by God, who is infallible Truth. It is the

office of reason to satisfy ourselves of the authority of God to teach and of the fact that particular truths have been revealed by him; in point of fact reason dictates that we should accept the revealed truths on divine authority. Revelation, far from destroying reason, presupposes it, protects it from error and enriches it by manifesting to it sublime truths which reason by itself could not discover.

Though faith is superior to reason in so far as God's authority is superior to man's, yet there can never be any real disagreement between them; rather they lend each other mutual help. Faith, as said above, enriches reason, while reason does excellent and indispensable service to faith. Besides demonstrating the foundations of faith, it enquires into each particular object of belief by all the possible forms of valid argument; i.e. from cause to effect and vice-versa; by the inductive and deductive methods and by adducing analogy from natural events. It removes possible misunderstandings, it throws new light for the better understanding of the articles of faith and proves that belief even in the sublimest and hardest mysteries is reasonable. As St. Augustine says in his *Epistle and Consensus* "We could not even believe if we were not endowed with reason." It is not necessary, indeed it is not possible to comprehend the essence, the why and wherefore of a mystery; we do not even understand completely the inner nature of many natural phenomena such as time, electricity, the atom, etc; still less can our limited intelligence sound the depths of Infinite Being. But what is beyond the grasp of reason is not in contradiction with reason, only we cannot know everything about it.

Why do rationalists assert that revelation is "absurd"? That miracles are "impossible"? That inspiration is a "myth"? That mysteries must be rejected as "false"? The fundamental principles of rationalism are in urgent need of scrutiny and criticism; in point of fact they bear neither. Thus the axioms or sophisms stated above are not self evident, and no shred of evidence can be adduced in their favour; indeed the mass of scientific evidence, the weight of human experience, the results of scholarship run counter to such arbitrary and gratuitous, unconvincing and capricious pleading. The rationalistic system vitiates the right use of reason, degenerates into licence, leads to mental inertia, destroys scholarship and constitutes a menace to progress and truth. The process of reasoning is tied to certain well-defined and standard forms and methods as demanded by the strict formal canons of logic; to reason freely on unwarranted premises, that cannot stand the test of sane thought, ultimately leads to arbitrary or vicious reasoning and the fallacy will be easily discernable. True progress can never be attained by reviving any revolutionary system of thought that has been exploded repeatedly; as ever, conservatism remains the salt of scholarship.

Instead of asserting axioms that cannot be proved or that cannot be deduced from any coherent theory of truth, it is more candid and critical to examine and weigh the vast mass of evidence in favour of Christianity and of each single article of belief. Blind faith is never exacted from a Christian. We Christians are not captives within the prison walls of Revelation for the prison walls do not exist. The beliefs of a Christian are his most treasured possessions and they inspire him to conduct his researches in all branches of knowledge with security and hope for further enlightenment and a closer realisation of truth. Freedom of thorough inquiry and dispassionate research are a living reality to a Christian, and his beliefs help him from the pitfalls into which unrestrained reasoning can lead him. All established facts, derived from any source whatsoever are acceptable to a Christian, in speculative matters he is not afraid to probe deeply with a critical, unprejudiced and catholic attitude of mind since he is aware of man's innate and insatiable thirst ("la sete natural che mai non sazia" *Purg.* XXI, 1.) for knowledge and truth. Where positive truth is not forthcoming in matters of science, he is ready to consider and eager to embrace all theories and hypotheses that may lead to the welcome discovery of important facts. Who denies this does not know what Christianity really means.

It is needless to stress the immense and valuable amount of work contributed by Christian scholars from all lands, throughout the centuries in all possible fields of human knowledge, the sciences and the arts. Newman in the *Idea of a University* (*Discourse*: V, i) aptly says that "the subject matter of knowledge is intimately united in itself as being the acts and works of the Creator," so the Christian is ready to take the lead in all recognised branches of study and research. In the present time of upheaval the guidance of Christianity in matters intellectual is more than ever before. Christianity will help us to re-establish the list of true values.

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea" has been chosen as the motto of one of the oldest and most flourishing institutions of universal learning; the need of strict adherence to the letter and spirit of that inscription is nowadays supreme.

HE STEPPETH ONE OF THREE

By TOBY GERRARD

The Ancient Mariner declaimeth:—

"What'd that there ship be, says you? Why mate, that there ship'd be a frigate. She'd be the frigate "Roxburg," as dainty a ship as ever dipped her nose into a head sea. And who'd be knowing so well as I, seeing as how I were cox'n aboard her one time. Pete Larker were skipper of her those days. Aye, aye! mate, make mine a pint pint o' mild. Thought sailors allus drank rum; says you? Not on your life mate, leastways not this one. I made my vow I have, never to touch a drop of spirits again no more. Why, says you? Why, it were all along of this same frigate "Roxburg" as we was talking of. But it'd be a powerful long story and you'd perhaps not be wishing to hear it. You would, says you? Very well then, this is how things were.

"I shipped cox'n as I tells you, on this here frigate. We sailed from Bristol on a Friday morning and, says I, Friday be a powerful unlucky day to sail on. Anyways, we crossed the bar as trim a vessel as ever put to sea. Three masts we had y'see. There were the foremast up forrard, and the mainmast he were amidships like, and the mizzen, he trailed along in the water behind us. For why, says you? This is for why, says I. The skipper y'see, he hadn't got no eye at all for a tidy craft. Good sailor he were mark you, and nobody knows better'n I does. He could close-reef a main backstay quicker'n you could think. But also he had the way of splicing the mainbrace a little too fast and too often, and it fair ruined his eye for a ship. So he never noticed we'd only got two masts stepped until, just abaft the Bishop he turns to the mate and he says "Treble reef the mizzen t'gallants" he says, "Tis a-coming on to blow powerful hard from easterly." (Actually it were westerly, but he never did have much of a head for figures neither).

The mate he turns to the skipper and he says "Don't be a fool!" he says, "There ain't nobody aboard as can swim that fast."

"Overlooking the insubordinate language" says the skipper, "What might you be meaning Mr. Mate?"

"Come and look!" says the mate, and he shows the skipper the mizzen a-trailing along behind us like I said, about half a cable astern the lee quarter.

"How did it get there?" says the skipper.

"Maybe it was blackbeetles!" says the mate, sarcastic-like, and seeing that he wasn't getting on very much with the skipper, and figuring he ain't likely to do any better with him as the voyage went on, and reckoning that all things considered, the voyage were likely to be a long one with only two masts, he jumps overboard and swims ashore.

"Lord save my eyelashes!" says the skipper, and lets fly after him with a nine pound swivel. However, seeing as how he forgot to put a shot in the gun, I don't expect the mate was much hurt. Then the skipper he turns to the bos'n and he says, "Get that mast aboard and get her stepped," he says.

The bos'n he looks at him crafty like. "Ow?" he says, "That there mast'll be weighing more as two ton I reckon," he says, "and we ain't got no running gear as'll hold the strain."

"Use your head!" says the skipper, and goes down to the rum store to think matters over.

Well, that there bos'n were fair foxed by the skippers orders, he were. Y'see, if he did'nt get that mizzen stepped it were mutiny, and if he did, it were like to be a miracle, especially as it were coming on to blow something horrid, and the glass were falling as if it hadn't any bottom. Anyway, he figures he'd better have a shot at it, so he rigs a Spanish Burton from the lee side the main yardarm. Then he lays that mast alongside and takes a hitch around it, which were mighty difficult work in a rising sea, and then he siezes the running end of the tackle and he heaves and he heaves till he nearly capsizes the ship, but the devil an inch out of the ditch does that mizzen mast move. The skipper meantime, had spliced the mainbrace twice and were just coming up for the third time, when the bos'n with his tackle lays us gunnels under, and the skipper he swallows nigh on seven pints of rum as the puncheon burst over him. "God save the king!" he says, and goes to sleep with a smile on his face.

Then the watch on dooty, they reckons that if the bos'n don't 'vast heaving shortly they'll be swimming home along of the mate. However, they was spared the necessity of doing anything obstreperous 'coz the bos'n just at that moment gives an extra special heave. The man at the wheel what'd been doing all he could to hold the craft on an even keel, he loses his

legs like, and he comes a-bounding and a-bouncing down that deck like a shotten rabbit. He hits the bos'n as it were between wind and water, and knocks him into the scuppers. The tackle pays out, sudden like, and the ship heels to weather and back like a rocking-chair. This shakes the skipper out of the rum-store and into the powder magazine, and then out of that into the pump well, which wakes him and he comes on deck looking like the Devil hisself, crowing like a cockerel, and using a large number of unmannerly sailor-expressions.

Anyways, to cut the story short, nobody was at the wheel 'coz the bos'n and the helmsman was still somewhat tangled up in the scuppers, and was too busy tracing each others pedigrees to get out. So the vessel luffs and comes in irons. The skipper he were sitting on the signal-locker, shouting "Lay out on them fores'l yards ye lubbers, or I'll sink her as she stands!" when we takes it green over the bow, and he gets washed down the after-companion. The bos'n he finishes up in the starboard gig, and the remainder of the watch gets left around the ship like pigeons in a hurricane. But, believe it or not, that there mizzen mast gets washed on board and stepped by that sea, as neatly as you'll see in any dock.

Well, when the bos'n sees that the mizzen has resumed its lawful occupation he goes to find the skipper, who were sitting in the flour-bin looking like nothing human, and protesting against the injustice of the world generally. The skipper though, don't seem to pay much attention to anything the bos'n tells him, but just keeps on muttering things about being a poor lonesome sailor-man who nobody loves. And he never rightly recovers neither, and so when a week or so later we puts into Rekjavik, because by the skipper's reckoning it's Port Of Spain, we all deserts the ship and leaves him to sail it the rest of the way hisself.

And from that day to this, never a drop of rum has passed my lips."

SOCIALISM AND LABOUR

By J. M. L. CADIER

Differences between the classes are often described by Socialists, as differences between exploiters and the exploited, to the latter goes all the sympathy, to the former falls all the odium. The complete elimination of class differences is, in the last resort, unattainable, but even if it could be attained for a brief period, it must be highly undesirable. Any attempt to remove completely class distinction can only result in a new system of classes, who suddenly finding themselves with status thrust upon them will tend to exaggerate their status and make the distinction between them and the classes below wider than ever before. Every society must have its division between the leaders and the led; this is inescapable.

The Socialist "distributionist" theory is based on the assumption that equal distribution is enough for everyone to have if not riches, at least a comfortable existence. This seems so obvious that hardly any trouble is taken to prove it. Only when criticism from their opponents draws attention to the fact that equal distribution of the income obtained by the whole economic society would hardly improve the condition of the masses at all, do Socialists try to escape by claiming that under Capitalist methods of production, the productivity of labour is restricted and that under Socialism, these limitations would be removed, production would be multiplied so as to ensure for everyone a life in comfortable circumstances. Kautsky in *Die Soziale Revolution* mentions two ways in which this would be done. One is the concentration of all production in the best concerns and the closing down of the least efficient. Surely this is a means which operates best under competitive conditions? Competition eliminates all inferior productive undertakings, and that it does so is a source of constant complaint from those involved. It is more than questionable whether a Socialistic State would and could carry out similar improvements in production. Would it not continue, for political reasons, an unprofitable undertaking rather than provide local injustice? The answer of course is found in the immense losses incurred year after year by nearly all State undertakings in any country. A record method, Kautsky implies is "economics of every description" but at the same time, he recognises that, those already operate under the trust of today. If he examined this more closely, he would also find that public services and undertakings are the greatest wasters of labour and material. On the other hand, surely, private enterprise is induced to work with the greatest economy in its own interests.

Economic security is often represented as an indispensable condition of real liberty, yet when security is understood in too absolute a sense, the general striving for it, far

from increasing the chances of freedom, becomes the gravest threat to it. Hayek shows that the planning for security which has such an insidious effect on liberty is that designed to protect individuals or groups against decreases in their incomes. This kind of security is irreconcilable with freedom to choose one's employment. Where a person's income is guaranteed, he can neither be allowed to remain in his job merely because he likes it, nor to choose what other work he would like to do, since it is not he who suffers the loss or makes the gain dependent on his moving, and therefore, the choice must be made for him by those who control the distribution of available income. Further this kind of planning raises the problems of discipline which are hard to solve. In a competitive society, there is a source from which labour can be drawn and when a worker is sacked, he vanishes from the job and the pay-roll, still able to find work elsewhere. In the absence of such a free reservoir, discipline cannot be maintained without corporal punishment, as with slave labour. Thus, under a Socialist regime, the worker may be economically secure so long as he satisfies his superiors and political leaders. (Anyone denying this need only consider the function of the "Closed Shop" policy). But, as Hayek says, this security, is bought at the price of the safety of freedom and life. Surely, if our community desired this security, there would be little of the difficulty which the present government is experiencing in recruiting for the regular army!

Unemployment is usually caused by economic changes. Professor Von Mises mentions two of the most important, namely, the maintenance of relatively high rates of wages and the Trade cycle. The fact that there exists in almost every country permanent unemployment is considered as conclusive evidence that Capitalism is incapable of solving the economic problem and that therefore Socialism and totalitarian planning is necessary. True, in Russia there is no unemployment, but the wage level and standard of living of the workers is much lower than that of any unemployment dole received in a capitalist country. If the Socialists find it normal to reduce the standard of living to such a low condition, then certainly unemployment should not be a difficult problem, but in this case, we must ask them to revise their promise that one of the major results of Socialism will be a higher standard of living. It is interesting to note that in December 1942, both Lord Latham and Lord Nathan, of the Labour Party, admitted in the House of Lords that "nationalisation was not a cure for unemployment."

As Professor Mises emphasises "the Capitalist order of society is the only conceivable form of social economy which is appropriate to the fulfilment, of the demands which society, as a whole, makes of any economic organisation."

FILM REVIEW

By ROY BISHOP

On November 17th the Southampton Film Society showed what must be regarded as its best post war programme to date. The main feature *La Fin du Jour*, although not esoteric like *Citizen Kane* or *Ivan the Terrible*, is immensely satisfying both to students of the cinema and to anyone capable of recognising artistic merit. It is in direct contrast to the film of the previous month *Nous Les Gosses*, which had no cinematic value, and at its best was merely amusing.

The credits of *La Fin du Jour* are impressive. The previous work of its famous director Julien Duvivier includes *Un Carnet de Bal* and *Pepe le Moko* which was rehashed in America under the title of *Algiers*. During the war Duvivier was himself driven to America where he directed several undistinguished films which include *Tales of Manhattan* and *Lydia*, the latter for Korda. Returning to France in the summer of 1945, Duvivier, in the first shock of return after exile, is reported to have said; "Dans deux ans, il n'y aura plus de cinema français." Nevertheless he is now shooting Georges Simenon's *Panique*, which has been adapted by that first-rate script-writer Charles Spaak. The latter, together with Duvivier, is responsible for the screen-play of the present film. It is in the writer-director that the future of the present mechanised film production lies (cf. the work of Frank Launder, Sydney Gilliat, Billy Wilder and Orson Welles.) The writer-director is the creative artist, whereas the rest, actors, cameraman, editor, art-director, are the technicians, and if they become anything more the balance of the film is destroyed. The music is by Maurice Jaubert, famous for his scores which include the well-known waltz theme in *Un Carnet de Bal*. His music means nothing when heard alone, but everything when combined with the visual image.

La Fin du Jour was made in 1939, and was first shown in this country during the early part of the war. Its story of a home for retired actors offers a huge scope which its makers have not failed to grasp. To a non-actor the characters may seem somewhat larger than life—these old actors over-play their parts in real life as they have done for years on the stage. The acting of the principals is excellent. Michel Simon is Cabriassade, the retired understudy and bit-player, frustrated by his lack of success in the only profession that could mean anything to him. Louis Jouvet is the ageing philanderer St. Clair, one-time fool, afraid of his advancing years. In order to assert himself he attempts to persuade a young girl who imagines herself in love with him, to commit suicide as her love is unrequited. By sheer acting ability, aided by sensitive direction, Louis Jouvet is able to make this somewhat fantastic character almost believable. As a contrast to these two extreme characters Victor Francen plays the part of the calm and well-balanced Marny, who nevertheless is obsessed with his lack of knowledge of the mode of death of his lover, whom St. Clair seduced many years before.

The story of the interplay of these characters is built up into a powerful drama by first rate writing and direction. Duvivier's camera is mobile, but unlike that in the work of many modern directors, it never wanders aimlessly around the set for the sole reason that it has nothing better to do. There is the impressive shot where the camera tracks along the corridor at night, while the sleeping actors dream of past applause. His close-ups are at times exceptionally powerful, as in the shot where St. Clair sees the girl Jeanette for the first time.

There is an increasing tendency for present-day films to rely on action and occasional cinematic devices. *La Fin du Jour* comes as a welcome change as a film that is emotionally intense. It will be remembered as a really outstanding sound film, and as one of the best examples of the work of its brilliant director Julien Duvivier.

REVIEW

By F. WILSON and J. WICHBOLD

IF YOU SEE ME COMIN' Mezzrow—Ladnier Quintet. Vocalist—Teddy Bunn.

This article is meant to be an interpretation of one of the triumphs of jazz, written after careful consideration at a meeting of the G. Block jazzmen, at which three members attended—barely a quorum! I don't intend to switch to a lengthy discussion on the relative merits of jazz and classical music, but I can't resist the temptation to spill a few pearls on the subject. Jazz music, by which I mean only those records which are largely improvised, and hammer into a sort of concerto a whole crowd of individual and apparently incompatible emotions, is at poles removed from swing. Swing is an artificial attempt to imitate the emotional gluttony, carnality and desolation of jazz. In swing a bunch of musicians came together, and having decided what they are going to play and sing about, they sit down and produce an artificial and self-conscious version of what jazzmen would describe in the same circumstances. But they know all too well that jazz is very liable to finish in an orgy of cacophonous noises, when the swing musicians do not succeed in combining their emotions harmoniously and most swing musicians are very afraid of discords. So they make the melodiousness of personal emotion. This ideal may be praiseworthy in itself but swing musicians are also afraid of unorthodoxy and formulate a conventional treatment for every theme. We can appreciate their technique and virtuosity but that is about all. When they try to be passionate, they develop a laboured, unhealthy, hothouse flavour; when they try to be desolè, they become emasculate and sentimental in the worst sense of the word.

Jazz is genuine though, violent, and realistic. It can describe only a limited number of sensations; rapture, squalor, sensuality, yearning and desolation make up a fairly comprehensive list. It has no appeal to the higher and more fugitive emotions. It is simple, fierce and carnal. It has not the intricate and sophisticated gaiety of Mozart, nor the primitive but no less sophisticated vigour and intellectual force of Britten. It seldom masters the emotions it describes. It touches them but cannot maintain the contact. Thus jazz at its best has only a limited range and can only hope for a limited amount of success within that range. And there is a certain sinister aroma about jazz: we are never far from the brothel and the gin-bottle. Even in a record like *Sweet Loraine* or *Some Day, Sweetheart* there is a trace of carnality behind the melancholy. But where jazz can succeed, it can succeed greatly, as in the case of *If You See Me Comin'*

This record opens with a short plangent break on the guitar which sets the emotional pitch, and then immediately follows the beautiful vocal. The vocal is languid and sensuous and there is a fall at the end of each line with a deep, melancholic serenity of mood. The shadowiness, self-possession and femininity of the vocalist kindle a sensual desire in the instrumentalist, and against a languid, throbbing rhythm section, they each in turn fall in love with the vocal. First, the guitar, whose love is sleek, sophisticated, mocking, but with an undercurrent of sadness in some low, dark, vibrant chords that tantalize rather than move. Then the clarinet, perky and jaunty as he takes up the theme, but developing into a deep, satisfied complacency. And then the trumpet burst out, morbid and agonised, full of all the humiliation and despair that man can find in lust, restraining his sorrow at first but throwing it to the four winds in a final passionate burst of self-pity and pain. The clarinet, too, seems to repent of his previous complacency and bears the torment of his mind in a stormy, swaying background in sympathy. The only flaw in the record is the slick, unaffecting finish, which is conventional and inappropriate.

There is no device in music to touch this for an exposition of the agonies of desire. The music has a simplicity, directness and sharp-edged cadence that could not be reproduced in any other way.

